

Sunday evening, who is following their example?

But did they break bread on Sunday at all? Let us see. (2) The text says that Paul preached until midnight. Afterwards he went down to the rescue of the young man who fell out of the window. They then reassembled and broke bread and ate. Was it yet Sunday? The only way that it could be Sunday is that Paul and the church at Troas observed Jewish time; i. e., that their Sunday began at sunset on Saturday evening and ended at sunset on Sunday evening, and the church met after sunset on Saturday evening. If they did this then after midnight would still be Sunday and Paul, early Sunday morning would be continuing his journey. But to assume that these people kept Jewish time being Romans is to base an interpretation on the improbable. McGarvey to prevent the practice of the apostles from overturning his *Lord's Day only* theory of communion gives us just such an interpretation. If he were right then they met Saturday evening to break bread—something he does not do, Paul assumed his travels on Sunday morning—something he would not like to advocate, and that this Roman colony kept Jewish time—something he could not prove.

But scholars say Paul resumed his journey on Monday morning, hence he broke bread early Monday morning. This very incident, therefore, shows us that Paul did not attach any importance to any particular day as the proper time to observe this ordinance, but "as oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do show forth the Lord's death till he come again."

Hurlbut's notes for 1897, page 287, says, "Monday, April 17, leaves Troas and goes to Mitylene." Homiletic commentary on Acts says Paul left on Monday. Farrar's Life of Paul, page 512, 513, clearly teaches that the service at Troas was on Sunday evening and not Saturday evening.

#### MERRY MOURNERS

B. C. MOOMAW

This caption to a newspaper article naturally attracted my attention, and a perusal of the interesting details fully bore out the first startling impressions made by the extraordinary idea of a funny funeral. It occurred at Petersburg, Indiana, I am sorry to say. It should have happened in Dahomey, or somewhere in those remote recesses of inaccessible jungle where the dawn of civilization has never yet penetrated the original gloom of the primitive mind. Our information is not sufficiently lucid to describe the customary funerals in those lands of undisciplined nature, and we may be doing the unconventional natives a distinct injustice. We may easily, in our estimates of the wild men of

the wild woods, fail to take into account that natural dignity which sometimes ennobles the untutored mind, and which would in all probability render incongruous and impossible such a spectacle as that which vividly illustrated the Christian civilization of Petersburg, Indiana. It appears that a wealthy individual who called himself "Pike County Bill Hayes" died two years ago, which was very natural and excited no surprise. During his lifetime he was eccentric to a degree, but since it is usual for death to terminate whatever foolishness men and women may indulge when they are not tempered with the soberness and wisdom of religion, people imagined doubtless that Mr. Pike County Bill Hayes had ended all his unique career, and would quickly vanish into the realms of the forgotten—that wide empire so numerous peopled, the empire of shadows and sighs, into which all the nations of the past have marched, marched, marched to be forgotten! forgotten!

But it was not to be so with our friend of the prairies. His memory was not so soon to perish. Full two years—think of it—full two years would he snatch from the eternity of oblivion which gloomed over his godless and hopeless future. He would defeat the universal decree of doom. He would invade with triumphant stride the land of dreamless sleep. He would snatch immortality from annihilation itself. He would set going an echo in the world he had left, which would reverberate among its hills, and make its valleys resonant with melodious sound. "Bury me for two years," was the express provision of his will, "while my money lies at interest. And then when the two years time is up, hire brass bands, make a grand feast, open the vault, and with merry-making follow my body to my grave." He provided also in his will that the trees in the park where the body was to be placed were to be decorated with red, white and blue ribbons; five platforms for dancing were to be erected; two brass bands were to furnish the music, and the persons present were to be feasted on five head of cattle, twenty head of sheep and a large number of hogs and chickens. Fifty kegs of beer were to be given out to the crowd, and for failure to carry out the above provisions of the will, Pierce Hayes the only son was to be disinherited.

But this is not the most startling feature of the story. Any eccentric man can make an eccentric will, and there will be heirs in plenty who to avoid disinheritance will carry out its provisions to the letter. It was the hearty co-operation of the public to which we direct the most earnest attention. The day chosen was *Sunday*, and it is said that men women and children came in from every direction and filled the little town.

Bands played from dawn until late at night; there was dancing in halls and homes, tables were spread in various places, all loaded with the best of food, and people ate and ate until they could eat no more, and drank as much as was needed and more besides to wash down the gluttony. Imagine a spectacle of that kind, on Sunday, in a civilized country. It is unthinkable. One could hardly believe his own eyes if he saw it. Where are the churches, the preachers, the missionary societies of Indiana? The governor of New Hampshire in a recent message stated that religion was dying out in the rural communities. Such a symptom as this Petersburg exhibition would seem to indicate clearly that it was dead in Indiana, and badly needed to be buried with all possible haste. Several years ago I traveled a considerable distance toward the north star, and stopped at a camp meeting where a hired brass band played jig tunes between prayers and sermons. Some of my readers will remember the time, place and occasion. I mention this circumstance for this reason, that the example of a church of Christ doing a thing like that tends to precisely the sort of climax as this Sunday funeral with dancing, gluttony, drunkenness, and in all probability worse immoralities. What will become of civilization, morality, religion, if all the ideas of reverence and propriety are to be utterly broken down, and eradicated from the minds of the people? Adieu to "Pike County Bill Hayes." He makes his final exit from the memory of man with the screech of a country brass band, and the wiggle-waggle of dancing drunkenness. Bucolic guffaws lend saloon reverence to the serene Sabbath, and the world wonders at the unusual surcease of sin in all other quarters, because ubiquitous Satan finds, for once in his long career, that it is impossible to do full justice to the bacchanalian festivities of this funny funeral, and at the same time devote his usual attentions to the rest of the world.

#### HOW SHOULD WE AS CHRISTIANS SPEND THE LORD'S DAY

MRS. A. HARTZOR

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, is one of the most important of the commandments given us by our Savior. It is declared by Him that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, and, lo, it is. Man was created before the Sabbath was instituted and when the Sabbath was instituted it was for the benefit of man. It was instituted for the benefit of man for physical, intellectual and moral benefit. Man needs the Sabbath, the Sabbath does not need the man. But for man the Sabbath would be a useless institution, but the fact, that the Sabbath was made for man